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A GREAT SLAUGHTER HOUSE.



834 West End avenue, shot himself at the hat factory on Greene street conducted by his brothers. He was formerly in business with his brother himself. He sold out and took the proceeds to speculate in stocks.

He went to Wall

In Wall street he found plenty of brokers to take the money that he had spent his life earning. He was

Being a bull is for the broker's interest because, besides the commissions, the broker can charge the customary interest on the stock which he is nominally carrying while at the same time loaning the stock to somebody else.

Wall street ticker quotations were rising and Mr. Abeles felt prosperous. He bought more stocks on margin, as many as the brokers would carry for him.

The big Wall street bankers, the big brokers and the big manipulators encouraged Mr. Abeles and his kind by putting up the prices a little more every day, loaning money liberally at low rates of interest and sending out prosperity stories.

The stock which Mr. Abeles bought richer men who knew better sold. When they had unloaded, the Steel Trust announced the collapse of the steel pool, ticker quotations dropped and Mr. Abeles lost his savings as well as his paper profits.

When prices were dropping he sat in his brother's office and called his brokers on the telephone. When the brokers' telephone boy told him how prices had dropped, Mr. Abeles buried his face in his hands and cried out, "My God! I have been wiped out!"

Then he shot himself.

Herman Abeles is only one of the thousands of men whom Wal street murders. Every time there is "a panic"-that is, every time the big Wall street men have unloaded and want to depress prices and buy back cheap-the earnings of Mr. Abeles and thousands of his kind are

BROKER

taken from them and turned into Wall street's maw.

If Wall street gambling were confined to Wall street men it would be like the gambling among the members of the Metropolitan Turf Association.

Dog would eat dog and nobody else would

The difference between Wall street gambling and all other kinds of gambling is that in Wall street gambling is

conducted under To. Mestin the guise of respectability, with great banks loaning their aid, with brokers sending out literature more alluring than green goods cir-

Every time Wall street reaps its harvest from the little men's life earnings the morgue and the graveyard take their toll too.

Letters From the People

article on short weights, and I have had minus 7 equals 18: 18 minus 7 equals 1 namely the use of boxes in the weighing son. of lard and butter. The box in general Yes, for Non-Residents. use to-day in the grocery trade is To the Editor of The Evening World: wooden with a heavy tin edge, or a ls a marriage license necessary in heavy wooden box without the tin edge. the State of Jersey? ANXIOUS. In addition to this, I have seen grocers Direct Nominations. dipping these boxes in water before To the Editor of The Evening World: putting any butter or other contents into In a recent statement concerning d

of it is this: What number when added to 25 and 7 will make the greater number twice as large as the smaller one?

Rule: Where two numbers are given, of which the smaller numbers is less than thaif of the greater number, from will be a crying demand for more municipal lodging-houses.

WILLIAM STONEBI DGE.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I note with considerable interest your will be the answer sought. Thus-2 occasion to observe one of the conditions, the number of years intervening before that are referred to in this article, the father will be twice the age of the

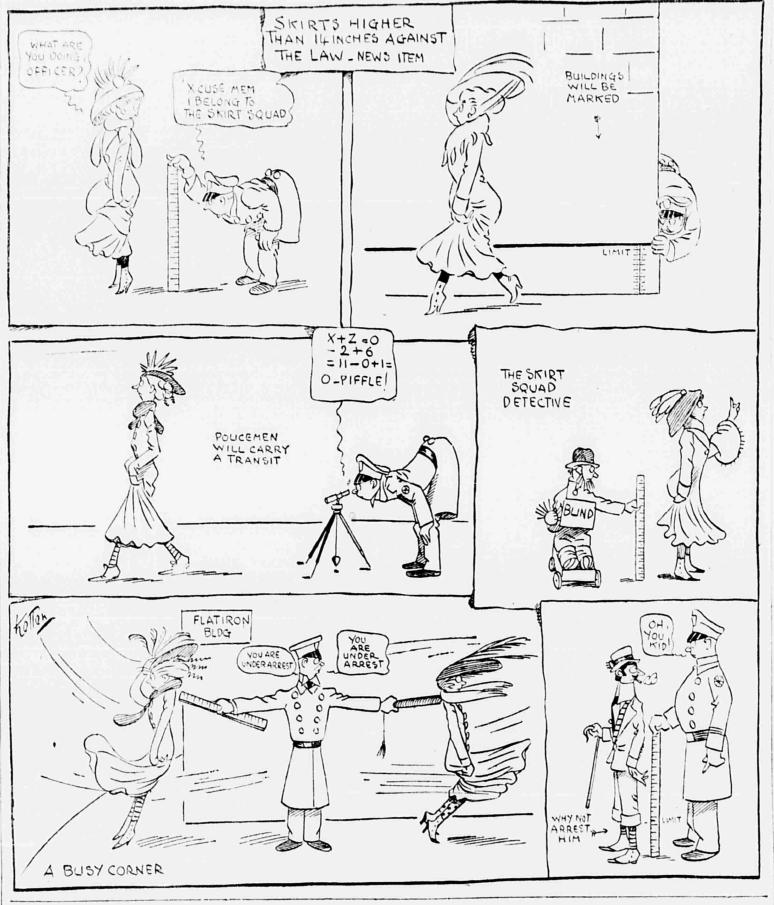
them. This naturally adds to the rect nominations Senator McCarr weight, and many consumers paying for is quoted as saying: "Party govern a pound of butter pay at the rate of 35c ment is the best kind. Leaders are to 40c. a pound for wood. This is a com- necessary to care for and represent the mon practice, and one which should cer-tainly be brought to the attention of the weigh them before you vote for them." L. J. L. If the people are intelligent enough A Rule in Mathematics.

| look over and weigh the candidates be fore they are elected, are they be To the Editor of the Evening World:

Answering problem: A father is twenignorant to "look 'em over" and "weig ty-five years old, the son seven. How 'em' before they are nominated? long will it be till the father is twice the people of this city were compel the age of the son and why? The gist to select their private business " of it is this: What number when added lakers" and "representatives" as the

The Skirt Squad.

By Maurice Ketten.



Mr. and Mrs. Jarr Begin Day With Beautiful Grouches, But Get Them Out of Their Systems Before Breakfast

Said Mr Jarr, grievance. peevishly, as he was attiring day, "what in the



By Roy L. McCardell. "Well, you leave the mirror alone." shoulders without stooping almost to I can wear the same things I were two years ago," said Mrs. Jarr. "I never

name of goodness the other side of the room that I got on the floor. the other side of the room that I got for you—there's a mirror in that if you are so vain you have to be smirking at can't see to the my can't see to the my "And you've got that filted down"

the other side of the room that I got for you—there's a mirror in that if you are so vain you have to be smirking at yourself all the time you are dressing:"

can't see to the my "And you've got that filted down"

"And you've got that filted down"

"And you've got that filted down"

"I don't want to vote; I think it's non-

my hair without too!" said Mr. Jarr. getting on my 'I want to see how my skirt hangs in restrained himself. the back, don't I?" asked Mrs. Jarr; "I'm sorry you hurt yourself," said and spending their time and money to work the back and as you never use the chiffonier, I would have been all the left it alone elect people who do nothing for them. rror up again." do not see what difference it makes it would have been all right."

aid Mrs. Jarr, which way the mirror is tilted." she did a disapthen did a disapthe did a disapmoment by putting on the skirt of her filled with your things and the children's things."

"By George! if there is any way to do "Now, don't say that," said Mrs. Jarr. bald?" asked Mrs. Jarr sweetly. a thing right, women will find a way "I've given you half of the two upper of the two upper of the two upper of the two upper and get away with it," drawers, and you have everything in all "You're cranky because you're getting

He retreated angily to the chiffonier

"You leave things alone yourself and "I never use it because I can't," said they'll be all right!" shouted Mr. Jarr.

"Are you mad at me or mad at the I'm glad you realize it." mirrors or mad because you are getting bald" asked Mrs. Jarr sweetly fragette!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I'll join Mrs.

"You feave the mirror alone yourself!" and turned the glass on it to what he getting to be. Get out of my room!" timself for the labors of the snapped Mrs. Jarr. "And you leave my thought a proper angle, when the glass "It's my room, too, said Mr. Jarr. bureau alone. There's a chinonter on came off the swivel and bumped down "but I swear that there doesn't seem

> "And you've got that tilted down, too!" said Mr. Jarr.
>
> But he hadn't any such notion at all. "I don't want to vote; I think it's non-sense," said Mrs. Jarr. "It's bad enough for men making fools of themselves hurrahing for men they don't know elect people who do nothing for them.

I don't want to vote, thank you.' "You don't want to because you can't," said Mr. Jarr. "That's one thing the men have made up their minds, the women shall not have-the ballot, and

"Now just for that I'll be a suf-Stryver's 'Votes for Women and Prison Flower Mission.'"

By Ferd G. Long

A Flight of Fancy



----- Fifty ------Historical Mysteries

By Albert Payson Terhune

No 3-DIMITRI, OF RUSSIA; Czar or Impostor?

TN a courtyard, surrounded by mud huts, in the Russian town of Uglich, May 15, 1591, a child of nine was playing. He was Dimitri, younger son of the Czar, "Ivan the Terrible." The attendancs who usually guarded him were, for some unexplained reason, all away from their posts of duty. What happened during their absence will never be known. But suddenly a servant, crossing the yard, screamed aloud in terror. A little boy lay dead on the ground, his throat cut from ear to ear; his features almost unrecog-

Wild was the lamentation throughout Russia. Dimitri had been a clever, sturdy youngster. His elder brother, Theodore (or Feodor), the new Czar, who had succeeded old Ivan the Terrible, was half-witted, and the people had relied on Dimitri to take his place on the throne. Boris Godunov, the wily Prime Minister of the Empire, soon managed to get Theodore out of the way and proclaimed himself Czar of Russia. There was little doubt that he had planned this move carefully, and that the murder of little Dimitri was a part of his scheme to clear his own way to the throne. He put Dimitri's Uglich to Siberia, and quickly silenced all who dared

Confession.

marked resemblance to Dimitri's. After which Borls reigned in peace for some years. Then, one, day, in Poland, a young servant of the powerful Prince Adam Wisniowecki, fell ill. Believing

to hint that the slain child's body had not borne any

himself dying, he sent for a Jesuit priest and confessed that he was really the supposedly dead Dimitri. The priest seems to have kept silent for the time. The serant in a few weeks recovered his health. This was in 1603. Soon afterward Prince Wisniewecki lost his temper at the youth, and, with an eath, struck him. "If you knew who I was," retorted the servant, "you would not dare strike me or swear at me. I am the Prince Dimitri, son of Ivan the Czar.

To back his claim, he told how the man sent to murder him had slain a peasant child instead and had carried Dimitri into Poland, where the lad grew to manhood as a servant. The man who had saved him was dead, but the youth added a bit of proof to the tale by exhibiting to Wisniowecki a jewelled sent bearing Dimitri's crest, and a diamond cross that had been his baptismal gift. Wisniewecki believed him and hastened off to King Sigismund, of Poland, with the great news. Poland and Russia were enemies, in creed, customs and politics. Sigismund saw a chance of strengthening Polish influence in Russla by espousing Dimitri's cause. So across the frontier marched the young man in August, 1664, with a Polish samy at his back, to wrest the crown from Boris.

People were tired of the tyrannical Boris. Thousands flocked to Dimitri's standard. Cities threw open their gates to him. Yet in a great battle with Boris's troops on the plain of Dobrinichi Jan. 2, 18%, Dimitri was utterly defeated, and would have been taken prisoner had not his Cossack infantry allowed itself to be slain to a man in order to block his pursuers' path. Nine days later Boris was poisoned. His on and his wife were strangled. Dimitri marched to the capital of Moscow, almost unopposed, and demanded to be crowned Czar.

But the polic at large were still doubtful whether he was the lost Prince or an impostor too was a tool of the Polish Government. So they suggested a supreme test. The mother of the supposedly murdered Prince Dimitri was brought from the convent-prison where Boris had placed her, and was asked if she could identify the youth as her son. She and Dimitri met in a closed tent. No one knows what took place during that interview. But finally she came forth and declared the young man was really her son. She admitted long afterward, under threat of torture, that he was not her son, but that his promise of freedom and wealth for her made her pretend to identify him. The truth concerning this will never be known. At any rate Dimitri was crowned Czar of Russia in June, 1605, and began his brief reign in a wise, just manner.

But he soon showed that he was the friend (if not the dupe) of Poland, Ho. ntroduced Polish customs, leaned toward the religion of Poland and granted the Poles vast concessions. All this infuriated Russia. The climax came when he narried Maryna Mniszek, a Polish girl of noble family, to whom he had been betrothed before he entered Russia. He loved Maryna,

A Love That Brought Death. and for the sake of that love he set aside wiser chances of matrimonial alliance. This Polish match was the last straw that broke his luck. A party of Russian noblemen surrounded the palace on the night

of May 29, 1606-eleven days after the wedding-and entered the bridegroom's sleeping room. Dimitri, awakened by the noise, leaped from a window to the courtyard thirty feet below, breaking his leg. There, the enspirators claimed, he was quickly murdered, as were most of his friends.

The chief of the conspiracy, Vasili Shuiski, seized the throne. Then a man, laiming to be Dimitri, appeared in Poland and declared he had escaped the asssins. Maryna identified him-or pretended to-as her husband. He drew a large orce of men to him by his story and attacked Shuiski. In the midst of the campaign he was assassinated. Afterward two other "Dimitris," one after another, were produced and stirred up rebellion. Both were captured and executed.

Whether the Polish servant who became Czar was the real missing Dimitri or a cleverly coached impostor is still a mystery. Had he not insisted on marrying he woman he loved he might have lived to a green old age on his rightful-or

ssing numbers of this series may be obtained by sending one cent stamp, for each number required, to Circulation Department, Evening

No School of Manners Are Our Women's Clubs

By Edith Sessions Tupper HE Woman's Club having dent to have asked some member near hysterically demonstrated the door to request silence. Instead, she its failure as a political shouted: "Tell those women outside kindergarten, what shall be there to shut up. Tell them to go upsaid of it as a school for stairs or downstairs and to shut up!"

good manners? Quite recently a gentlewoman of the old school said to the "That's a queer one," remarked Mr. w. ter: "Don't talk to me of women's

said Mr. Jarr. "Why don't you step in o your skirt?"

"Why don't you mind your own business?" replied Mrs. Jarr. "This is the only way to put on a skirt to keep it from getting all crushed and wrinkled and to make it hang properly."

"This is a queer one," remarked Mr. Jarr. "The drawers, and you nave everything in the factors you're cranky because you're getting fat. Talk about fat people being good fat. Talk about fat people being good in you mind your own business?" replied Mrs. Jarr. "This is the only way to put on a skirt to keep it from getting all crushed and wrinkled are to make it hang properly."

"That's a queer one," remarked Mr. Jarr. "The suffragete movement is an aggressive of women in jail, then the other branch brings them flowers."

"It is not," said Mrs. Jarr. "The suffragete movement is an aggressive of women in jail, then the other branch brings them flowers."

"Why don't you mind your own business?" replied Mrs. Jarr. "It is not," said Mr

taining boards. The president of a cer- into the club, but must treat his enemy taining boards. The president of a cer-tain club of this town, after eating of the clubhouse. This is a rule rigidly through the entire menu from soup to lessert, made herself conspicuous by required and usually observed. denouncing as "rotten" food which I am creditably informed was of delicious home manufacture. The principal cause of complaint with the lady was that roast chicken, lobsters and other solutely savage attacks upon a woman's luxuries were not supplied for luncheon reputation instigated purely by personal at 35 cents a plate. The affair created a malice, mild scandal.

The Bean Joke.

ion, were lunching in the dining car. for refreshment.

Roston," sneered the Famous One. ful home, plenty of money, a husband "that you order beans?" with other who adores you. And for the sake of kindred and uncalled-for allusions to this piffling office are you going to let their fare, which greatly embarrassed yourself be dragged through this and humiliated these ladies before the muck?" other diners in the car.

when a scene took place the bad taste of which will never be forgotten. The the meeting when two or three ladies came in the hall outside and made a little confusion by chattering. It would have been perfectly simple for the presi-

Mannerless Leaders. }

reshments at a nominal price were fur-dished visiting members by the enter-

If a woman have a personal animosity she cannot lug it too quickly into her club, nor wield it too cruelly against the object of her grudge. I have known ab-

"Personal Dislike."

I recall a case. A woman was prominently mentioned as a candidate for office in a certain club in this town. She had both presence and tact, and would Among other articles of food they were have filled the office admirably. But pleased to order Boston baked beans, she had incurred the personal dislike of At a table across the car sat three or certain influential members. Another four other clubwomen, one of whom is member came to me and said: "There a quite famous personage. These women is nothing they will not say if Mrs. A. amused themselves by jeering at the persists in running." She gave me detwo ladies who had selected the beans tails of the plan of attack which horrified me. I went to Mrs. A. and said: "Do you fancy that you are going to "Is it worth while? You have a beauti-

She looked at me for a moment, and then said: "You talk just as my hus-

More Bad Taste.

I was present at the meeting of a ertain famous organization in this town then a scene took place the half of the bad on the country of the bad of the country of t

Bridge Crowds.